



# Boems of the House

## And Other Boems

By the Author of the Boems of the House

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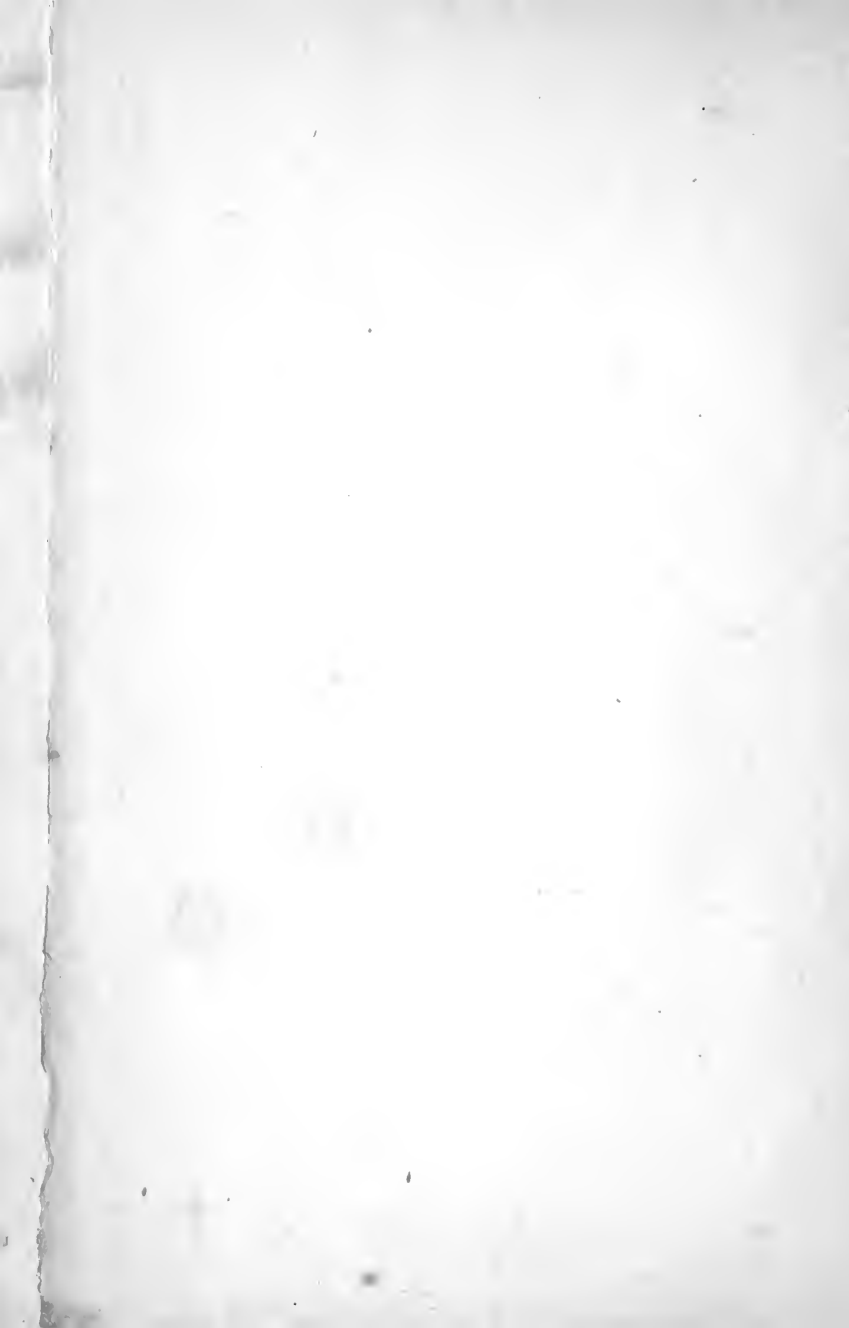
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POEMS OF THE HOUSE  
AND OTHER POEMS







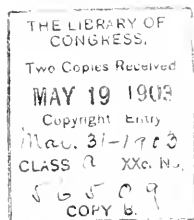
# POEMS OF THE HOUSE AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH M. OLMSTED



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1903



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## TO THE AUTHOR

### ON HER GOLDEN WEDDING

O MOTHER heart, whose children, fair and strong,  
And children's children round thy dear hearth  
stand,

A love-united and unbroken band,  
And near them presses close a silent throng;  
Suffer me, too, to come, thy child of song,  
As when in boyhood from the salt sea strand,  
Thy wandering guest, unto the harvest land  
I came; whence all thy own to me belong.

God on thy head pour multiplied His grace,  
And yield thee, nearer to the life divine,  
Foregleams of light, touches of heavenly peace!  
Long years the mother radiates from thy face,  
And through long years shall still celestial shine  
Unseen, nor in thy children ever cease.

G. E. W.





**AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED**  
**TO MY CHILDREN**



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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general  
discussion of the problem. It is shown that the  
problem is of great importance in the theory of  
differential equations. The problem is to find the  
general solution of the differential equation  
$$y'' + p(x)y' + q(x)y = r(x)$$
  
where  $p(x)$ ,  $q(x)$  and  $r(x)$  are functions of  $x$ .  
The general solution of this equation can be found  
by the method of variation of parameters. The  
method consists in assuming a particular solution  
of the form  
$$y = u(x)y_1(x) + v(x)y_2(x)$$
  
where  $y_1(x)$  and  $y_2(x)$  are two linearly  
independent solutions of the homogeneous  
equation  
$$y'' + p(x)y' + q(x)y = 0$$
  
and  $u(x)$  and  $v(x)$  are functions to be  
determined. The method of variation of  
parameters leads to a system of two  
linear equations for  $u'(x)$  and  $v'(x)$ .  
The solution of this system gives the  
functions  $u(x)$  and  $v(x)$ , and hence the  
general solution of the original equation.

## EDITORIAL NOTE

THE poems here collected are gathered from the scattered writings of the author for a period of more than fifty years. The greater part are home poems, devoted to the children and their lives, family occasions, friends, and guests, and make a full and golden sheaf of private memories; others are the natural play of a poetic temperament about the day's experience. One portion, the little group reflecting the times and spirit of the Civil War, is of stronger tone, and shows how the passion of the nation was taken into the life of the home, as a thing of the day and the night, throughout the North; and through these poems the author came before the public at that time; nearly all the contents of the volume, however, have been printed in one or another way.

The New York "Independent," under the editorship of Theodore Tilton, published *The Laureate*, *The Clarion*, *The Jubilee*, *The Fast*, *Our Boys going to the War*, *Theodore*, *The Upas*, *Our Gideon*, *God's Supreme*; and also *Aureola*, *To Anna*, *To Zylpha*, *To P. L. B.*, *The Birthday in the Rain*, *The Visit to Wyoming Place*, *Resurgemus*, *Vesper Home*, *Immortelles*, *Flowers in Sickness*, *A Memory*. "The Democratic Review," so long ago as September, 1847, published *Correggio*, the author's graduating

piece at Ingham University; and the well-wrought poem singularly keeps the flavor of that old-fashioned time and offers a perfect example of the matter then popular in verse, though now remote indeed. In the same Review appeared *To Mary*. A number of poems were contributed to privately printed volumes. *Glen Iris* and *Table Rock* appeared in "Glen Iris," published by Mr. William Letchworth, of Buffalo; *Benedicite* and *Father*, in the memorial volume for Judge Skinner, of Buffalo; and *Quito*, in that for Colonel Staunton, of Le Roy. Other poems appeared in the local papers of western New York, the author's life-long home; in the publications of Ingham University; and in such juvenile periodicals as "The Little Corporal" and Grace Greenwood's "Little Pilgrim."

These various waifs, some light as a boy's laugh, some heavy with a nation's pain, have been gathered here, by the wish of the author's children, for themselves and family friends. The editor's task has been only one of arrangement and oversight in passing the volume through the press. The poems, in their uncollected state, have added sunshine and given balm to many lives; this new form will only prolong and broaden such happy influence.

G. E. W.



POEMS OF THE HOUSE



## AUREOLA

WHEN Mary, mother of the Holy Child,  
Beheld with wondering eyes her burden bright,  
The star stood over, with its effluence mild,  
And peaceful splendor lit the natal night;  
The wise men knelt with frankincense and myrrh,  
Glory to God swept onward, deep and grand,  
And fluttering pinions joyously astir  
Proclaimed good will to men in every land.  
O Love Divine! new-born thou ever art  
When Innocence beams from its cradle-bed;  
All sweet humanities bestir the heart,  
The halo circling round the infant head;  
To us a child is born, a son is given,  
The Wonderful, to link our earth to Heaven.

## WHAT A LITTLE BOY SAID

“ I LOVE some one more than you, mother, ”  
Said a darling little boy,  
While with many hugs and kisses  
He went wild with New Year joy;  
And his mother, looking sorry,  
Said, “ Not some one more than me!  
Have you got a little sweetheart?  
I ’m as sad as I can be! ”

“ I love some one more than you, mother, ”  
And he shut his merry eyes,—  
“ Don’t you ever know who that is  
Living up in the blue skies?  
He is better than my father,  
Brothers, sisters, all the rest;  
Don’t you ever know who that is?  
It is God I love the best.

“ I will wish him ‘Happy New Year,’  
Do you think that he will care?  
He has got so many children,  
Can he find them everywhere?  
He gives all the pretty mornings,  
With the sunshine and the snow,  
And at night he brings the darkness,  
When I go to sleep, you know.”

WHAT A LITTLE BOY SAID

Then the mother held him closer  
As she bent her head in prayer,  
Asking God to give the Child-heart  
To His people everywhere;  
And the "Kingdom" was so near her,  
She could hear "their angels" call,  
"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!  
Peace on earth! Good will to all!"

## A BIT OF WEATHER

“DEAR brother March,” said April gay,  
“Let me go out with you to-day  
And set the winds a-roaring;  
I ’ll wear your iciest coat of mail,  
And help you thresh the rattling hail,  
And send the rain down pouring.”

“Agreed,” said March, all in a bluster,—  
He knew his April and could trust her  
For any mad-cap scurry;  
“You see that black cloud over there,  
Just take my hand, but have a care,  
’T will be a right smart flurry.”

’T was rain, ’t was hail, ’t was snow and sleet,  
And everybody in the street  
Went growling at the weather;  
When out flashed April’s shining face,  
And Cloud and Sunshine ran a race,  
Both getting in together.

## LOVE CROWNED

GAILY through the garden snow  
I watched my darling come and go;  
Behind him trailed a silver thread,  
That tracked the path of a tiny sled,  
Round and round in many a maze,  
That charmed his curious, backward gaze,  
And woke a laugh so sweet and wild,  
I said in my heart, "Dear thoughtless child,  
The roses he loved in summer time  
Are dead and forgotten beneath the rime."  
And, musing, I turned to my household cares  
Till I heard light feet on the garden stairs.  
Was a string untied, or a mitten lost?  
Was puss in peril by fire or frost?

A weightier errand far he brings,  
As back to the wall the door he flings;  
Bearing aloft an emerald prize,  
Silken grass with its summer dyes.

"Mother, see what was under the snow,  
Close by the hedge where the thorn trees grow.  
Keep it for me. Shall I tell you why?  
To remember the beautiful summer by."

## LOVE CROWNED

Was it an angel in disguise  
That looked from the tender, beaming eyes,  
And drew my heart from its weight of care  
Into the sunshine sweet and fair,  
Till the drops that fell on the silken bands  
Were rainbow-hued in the childish hands,  
And my soul swept out in a song of praise,  
For the love that was crowning all my days?



## HER PICTURE

### LOVE'S PROOF

AH, could I paint her as she seems,  
Fair Mabel in her woodland dreams,  
No artist but would envy me  
The subtle charm, the witchery,  
The pensive poise, the girlish grace,  
The haunting sweetness of her face,  
Where lips and eyes reveal a mood  
Which nymphs and dryads understood,  
But now, elusive, has no speech  
From talking oak or singing beech;  
Yet all her soul is held in thrall,  
And from her loosened fingers fall,  
Like filmy laces brodered down  
The whiteness of her sylvan gown,  
Parnassus grasses from the burn,  
The trailing vines, the maiden fern,  
Wild roses such as lovers seek  
To vie with blushes on her cheek.  
Ah, should we make of these a wreath  
And Mabel's forehead shone beneath,  
And so her picture crowned complete  
From royal head to flower-kissed feet,  
What artist, though he stood aloof,  
Could call it other than "Love's Proof"?

## TO MABEL

How sweetly girlhood grows  
Between the lily and the rose!  
Her budding wings she tries  
And singing through the sunshine flies.

As in the Eden days,  
No shadows are, no yesterdays;  
But springtime passing fair,  
And radiant morning air.

So sweetly girlhood grows  
Between the lily and the rose.

## IF

IF all the year had flowers, dear,  
They might not be so sweet,  
But lie in tender helplessness  
Beneath our careless feet.

If all our days went gala-ways,  
And duty waited slow,  
The heavens might drop their sweetness then  
And we should never know.

## A BICYCLE RONDEAU

O, WHAT a boy! his circling wheel  
Flies down the street; its polished steel  
Is not more shining than his face,  
That shows such ardor in the chase  
As timid pulses never feel;  
Once more Cyllene doth reveal  
The swiftness of the wingèd heel,  
The perfect poise, the airy grace;  
O, what a boy!

So flies for him Life's circling wheel,  
But what his path none may reveal.  
Through quicksands deep or rugged place,  
God help him still to win the race!  
Hark! Hear his signal's merry peal!  
O, what a boy!

## MORNING AND NIGHT

### MORNING

ACROSS the vales, across the meads,  
My happy darlings go,  
Stringing buttercups for beads,  
Their golden hearts aglow.

### NIGHT

Across the vales, across the meads,  
My weary children come,  
Leaning on their broken reeds,  
Glad to rest at home.

## A BIRTHDAY RONDEAU

O CHILDHOOD, wait! too swift the days  
For all your frolic, winsome ways,  
    Too fair the wayside daisies grow,  
    Too bright the fairy fountains flow,  
Too sweet the song-birds' springtime lays.

O loiter, linger at your plays!  
Pluck not the daisy's sibyl rays,  
"She loves—loves not"—why should you know?  
    O childhood, wait!

Your rounded cheek with rosy glow  
Grows redder as the March winds blow;  
Not once your bounding footstep stays,  
Though all our heart, delaying, says:  
"You know not whither, wherefore go?  
    O childhood, wait!"

## MY STUDENT

ON HIS EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY

How Manhood's strength and woman's sweetness  
meet

Within thy nature, striving each for sway,  
While grand old Homer leads the classic way  
And Virgil sings with rhythmic numbers sweet.  
What bounding pulses at Achilles' wrath!

What pitying tears at Euryalus slain,  
The purple flower low-lying on the plain,  
The wearied poppy in the tempest's path!  
Thou readest me the riddle of old days:

I am the Mary-Mother at thy feet  
With lesser worship, yet, such love complete—  
Had it beginning? hath it end of days?  
Child-prophet! Strong to do thy Master's will,  
Yield all thy life to His and thus fulfil.

## MANHOOD

Nor by the lip that wears its bearded pride,  
Nor by the sinewy strength and firmer tread,  
Can I count backward to the sunny head  
That found its sweetest shelter at my side,  
And say, "Hast thou, indeed, to Manhood grown?"  
I know it by a truer, finer sense;  
I feel it in the silent eloquence  
Caught from the sadness of life's undertone.  
Thou hast God's work to do—be valiant, strong,  
The life within the life each day to live;  
With steady hand, at Duty's call, to give  
The blow to error and defiant wrong;  
Thy country asks a gift for this proud year.  
Give thou a Manhood without blame or fear.

January 28, 1876.



## FLEUR DE LYS

FLOWER of my life! My lily, souled so white  
And starred with radiant winter's joyous gleam,  
If I but meet thee in night's perfect dream  
The morning dawns with soft, enchanting light,  
As if I held thee in my very sight  
Slender and pale and purely delicate:  
I know thy regal nature, Fleur de Lys!  
What maids of honor on thy footsteps wait,  
Meekness and Patience, gentle Charity,  
Bequeathed thee by that noble man and saint,  
Saint Maur, our Seymour of fair Brittany!  
If that long line of royal ancestry  
Had sought to crown one peerless Fleur de Lys,  
For sovran sweet they would have chosen thee.

## LIFE

COURAGE, brave heart! the athlete flings aside  
The lightest weight that may his way impede;  
So step thou forth with spirit proudly freed  
From petty arrogance and jealous pride.  
True manhood reaches out to recognize  
The loyal grasp of hands that scorn a bribe,  
And he who nobly wins a noble prize  
May well forget the shoulder-shrug and gibe.  
Yet all things come to us because they must;  
The statue first is hewn with heavy stroke;  
The fierce tornado tries the heart of oak  
Nourished to strength with brave ancestral dust—  
The centuries mark the years it hath withstood;  
Canst thou not bide thy time, well knowing all is  
good?

## SONNET

TO MARY

LIGHT of my heart, sweet Mary, thou to me  
Art dearer than all other friends beside;  
Thy gentle love, so long and truly tried,  
Is changeless ever in its purity.  
Come weal, come woe—I press the welcome hand,  
And in thy murmured words of tenderness  
Rejoice that thou art mine, my soul to bless.  
Sweet Mary, ours is love which shall withstand  
All human ills;—misfortune's chilling breath  
Shall speak us friends, and proud prosperity  
Shall fling no golden gate 'twixt thee and me;  
For ours is faithfulness, e'en unto death!  
Oh, Father! grant, in brighter realms above  
We e'er may joy in thine, and in each other's love!

## SONNET

A. M. G.

AUGUSTA, darling, in thy girlhood sweet  
Mirth timed the measure of thy flying feet;  
The woodland nymphs went envious of the grace  
Revealed in airy poise and radiant face;  
And if my fond heart, yielding to their spell,  
Sighed out in mournful cadence its farewell,  
It was but prophet of the happy day,  
More joyous for the seeking and delay,  
When hand clasped answering hand, and in a breath  
“Augusta thou!” and “thou Elizabeth!”  
O, wondrous years, what beauty have ye wrought,  
What priceless treasures to her household brought!  
Husband and children and a noble fame  
Whose sculptured wreath entwines darling  
Augusta’s name.

## THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

H. E. E.

O LOVELIEST days! the crownèd year  
Beside the flaming chariot stands,  
And lo! she summons one most dear,  
And to the faithful, willing hands  
This gift she brings: "In weal or woe,  
Sweet almoner of kindest deeds,  
No joy that shines, no heart that bleeds,  
But thou its hidden springs shalt know,  
And purest sympathy impart  
Till joy a heavenly grace shall learn,  
And every stricken, sorrowing heart  
The healing hand of Love discern;—  
Go forth thy mission to fulfil,  
With earnest heart and steadfast will;  
My garnered stores are thine to give,  
Rich fruits of wisdom, golden grain,  
The harvest sheaves of toil and pain,  
The bread of life whereby we live."  
In grateful tears low bowed the head,  
And forth the flaming chariot sped.

## SONNET

TO G. E. WOODBERRY, ON HIS TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

BECAUSE the May is chill we sigh and fret,  
While golden robins in their hammocks swing  
And fill the air with carolings of spring,  
Whose shy sweet blossoms in the dells are set;  
And so, dear poet friend, if I forget  
What tender grace behind stern duty hides,  
Some burst of song my faithless spirit chides,  
Some soul-sweet thoughts their lovely fragrance  
bring.  
Sudden the sunshine darkens in the storm,  
The lightning smites, it is the day of doom;  
We wonder what can be from out that gloom,  
If life and hope can e'er again take form;  
And from the cloudy mists a shape evolves,  
Bright, resolute, and strong with high resolves.

“SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE”

LIKE a knight in armor with lance apoise,  
Into the battle you speed.

There are mortal foes in your sweetest joys,  
In your struggles of sorest need.

Heart, true heart, be strong!

You will never know by the trumpet's blast  
When the foe of your foes lies slain;

But a tender pity will hold you fast  
And a look of sovran pain.

Heart, true heart, be glad!

## HER BIRTHDAY

WE know not, dear one, that to-day  
The storms of winter rise,  
For in thy tender heart alway  
Love's fairest sunshine lies.

And if the patient, passing years  
Had griefs, how can we know?  
Since brighter for the falling tears  
Shines love's sweet afterglow.



## TO ANNA

THE joyous hour at last is here,  
And on sweet Anna's fair young head  
The sunshine of another year  
Like holy benison is shed!  
Behind her lies bright childhood's day,  
The dew still fresh on flower and spray;  
Before her, like a tangled braid,  
The untried pathways spread in sunshine and in  
shade.

"How shall she walk this checkered way?"  
In loving, anxious fear I sighed;  
"With trembling footsteps shall she stray,  
The siren Pleasure for her guide?  
Shall fame allure, shall sin ensnare,  
Shall wealth delusive splendor wear?"  
"Not so," replied a voice of love,  
"Hers is the narrow path that leads to heaven  
above."

Then looked I on sweet Anna's face,  
And lo! a heavenly light was there!  
I knew its brightness was the trace  
Of cheerful faith and earnest prayer.  
To her I felt the boon was given  
To be, O joy! an heir of heaven;  
No wish of mine could add a ray  
To that full happiness which crowned her natal  
day.

## THE BIRTHDAY IN THE RAIN

WHY should bonny May be weeping,  
All her sunny smiles back keeping,  
Every little floweret peeping  
From her dripping hood?  
Bonny May turned naughty fretter?  
She should know her duty better.  
Come, sweet birthday friends, beset her  
To be nice and good.

Once she came from fairest Aiden,  
Sunny-crowned and blossom-laden,  
In her arms a wee, wee maiden,  
Blue eyes full of truth.  
Busy bees were blithely winging,  
Happy birds their welcome singing,  
Fairy flowers sweet incense bringing,  
All for Baby Ruth.

Then the gentle May replying:  
"Cease, my little friends, your sighing;  
You will see that I am trying  
Wisest things to show;  
How in Ruthie's life, as ever,  
Clouds and sunshine will not sever;  
But, by patient, wise endeavor,  
Each is good, we know.

“Little Ruth, with dimpled ‘finger,  
On this lesson still must linger,  
And the happy years will bring her  
Treasures rich and rare.  
One, two, three, four, five sweet kisses,  
Little pats and birthday blisses,  
So of all days happiest this is,  
May-bud, Ruthie fair.”

## A BIRTHDAY SONNET

P. L. B.

WHAT saw I in a vision, yestereve,  
When fairy lights went twinkling through the  
trees?  
A lovely band with deftest art did weave  
A vine-wreathed arch, and with a graceful ease  
They spanned thy doorway, gentle friend of mine,  
Singing the while a happy, joyous song,  
Sweet-voiced and low, as 't were the fabled Nine,  
Whose heroes to all days and climes belong.  
Come forth, O friend, from Childhood's love-lit  
way;  
Pass through this flowery gate to Stainless Youth,  
And thence to Manhood's proud and peerless day,  
Keeping thine heritage of Love and Truth.  
O Love! O Truth! bless God the hour is nigh  
When peradventure some for these will dare to die.

## TO ZYLPHA

THE last bright leaf of childhood's budding bloom  
Has softly opened on our sight to-day,  
And from the floweret steals a heavenly ray  
Whose starry radiance shall life's path illumine.  
Sweet Zylpha, in thy tender, thoughtful eye  
I read the mission thou art called to share,  
Thy happy lot 't will be to banish care,  
And soothe with gentle words the mourner's sigh.  
What brighter fortune can I ask for thee,  
My precious friend, so beautiful and good,  
Just on the verge of lovely womanhood,  
A child of sunshine and of purity?  
Thou hast an angel mission here of love,  
Which thou shalt leave but for a holier one above.

## THE VISIT TO WYOMING PLACE

THREE little girls, in white,  
"The Red," "the Pink," "the Blue,"  
(We named them from their sashes)  
Over the pavement flew  
In a dainty little carriage  
Which "Jenny" proudly drew.  
Who was the dashing driver?  
Hattie, was it you?

Three little girls in white  
Came back to play croquet,  
With a flutter of silken sashes  
That made the lawn so gay;  
And the balls sped hither, thither,  
Till the evening shadows drew  
Around the tent, "Sans Souci,"  
Where a mound of ice-cream grew.  
Was it work of fay or fairy?  
Aladdin, it was you.

Three little girls in white  
Sped through parlor and hall,  
Under the pleasant light  
And the curtain's fleecy fall.

## THE VISIT TO WYOMING PLACE

They played at "Magic Music,"

And "many-horned" they grew.

Who was the "genteel lady"?

Mary, was it you?

Three little girls in white

Crept softly into bed;

They had folded silken sashes,

And the evening prayers were said.

And a soft voice said, in whispers:

"Such a day I never knew.

Wyoming Place is charming!"

Allie, was it you?

## THE COTTAGE HOME

WHEN did thy spirit, gentle friend, first turn  
With fond remembrance to thy cottage dear?  
Not when the glittering winter, cold and stern,  
Was hailed the festive monarch of the year;  
But when the balmy airs of springtime sweet  
Brought fragrance from the meadows far away,  
And through the turmoil of the busy street  
Came visions of the orchards—"white with May."  
"Ah, me," sighed little ones, "where are the flowers—  
The crocuses that peeped above the snow,  
The hyacinths, the tulips that were ours,  
The lilacs?"—then a tear—"we loved them so!"  
What wonder that the mother's cheeks were wet  
With tender sorrow and a fond regret!



## THE GOLDEN WEDDING

### A MADRIGAL

ALL the peaceful farm-lands  
Wore their robes of white,  
And lit their jeweled tree-tops  
In honor of the night;  
The golden night, the wedding night,  
The Golden Wedding night.

Within, the joyous household,  
In merry, festive mood,  
Arrayed the bride and bridegroom  
As shy and pleased they stood;  
How gently years had touched them!  
It seemed a golden prime,  
The wedding night, the golden night,  
The Golden Wedding time.

Fair daughters, maid and matron,  
And stalwart sons were there,  
And children, fresh as morning,  
With bright and floating hair;  
And sweetness, song, and laughter  
Made up a merry chime;  
O wedding night, O golden night,  
The Golden Wedding time!

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING

Love hath her dear home-heroes;  
Life's battle daily fought,  
The patient, tireless giving,  
An inner strength hath wrought;  
We crown them, not with laurels—  
Love's pearls are heavenly white—  
O saintly bride and bridegroom,  
O Golden Wedding night!

## SONNET

H. T. L. R.

LIKE some bright shell whose hidden heart of rose  
Wreathes and inwreathes with convolutions fair,  
Friend of a few brief days, thou didst disclose  
A perfect nature, exquisite and rare.  
Thy voice still haunts me like the murmuring sea  
When low and sweet its rippling wavelets run :  
If slumbering passion in its depths may be  
We only feel the peace of victories won.  
Haply on other hearts thou shalt outpour  
The glad refreshings of thy strong, pure soul ;  
Then tidal waves shall bear thee back once more  
And love's harmonious anthems joyous roll.  
I heed not treacherous calm, nor ocean's roar,  
But wait, serene in faith, upon the white, firm shore.

## SONNET

SWEET friend, thy gentle, generous praise I heard,  
Recalling days when hearts were all in tune,  
Like early song-birds in the balmy June;  
And, at this hour, I mind me of thy word,  
“One song for me!” Yet must I trembling wait;  
For thou, dear suffering one, hast been so near  
The deathless land, thy raptured soul did hear  
The angels singing at Heaven’s very gate.  
How shines upon thy face that joy serene!  
Art thou indeed, a messenger of light,  
With love divine transfigured in our sight,  
Angelic sweetness in thy lowly mien?  
God gives some souls to teach what thou hast  
known:—  
“Perfect through suffering,” by His grace alone.

## SONNET

I SOUGHT my garden for a gift of love,  
Bright summer blossoms with exhaling sweets,  
And while my hands the clustering fragrance wove,  
My heart, like some dear strain that oft repeats  
Its tender burden, still kept singing on,—

“And all these years are gone! these years are  
gone!”

I would have wept again your griefs long past,  
But how could present joy a shadow cast  
When I beheld the daughters round your hearth

In happy household circle closely drawn,  
Lovely and loving, childhood's joyous mirth

And maiden sweetness, womanhood's fair dawn?

My heart forgot its sorrow and sang on,

“What matter that the years are gone! the years  
are gone!”

## TO A PICTURE

A. C. C. W.

DEAR, did I need the sunshine to impress  
Thy lineaments in perishable guise,  
When in my heart Love's brightness in excess  
Had wrought this miracle of tenderness  
On which I look in rapt and still surprise?  
If most I love the speaking lips, or eyes,  
Or soft hair waving in its careless grace,  
And shading that fair hand, I never know,  
While droops in pensive reverie the face,  
And gentle thoughts of friendships long ago  
Come like the far-off tones of chiming bells,  
When autumn crisp with winter decks the dells,  
And musings of sweet pastorals entwine  
Their poet tendrils, like a frost-gemmed vine.

## BENEDICITE

SOFT and serene, these mild October days  
Come like a benison to bless the year.  
O golden sunshine, crown the head so dear,  
Once bowed in sorrow, lifted now in praise!  
Tender beyond our thought the chastening is;—  
The past, with fragrant memories replete,  
The future, leading on with beckonings sweet  
To that bright home of pure unclouded bliss.  
There angel work, begun on earth, shall be  
Not strange to those untiring, faithful hands  
That wait in gentlest patience His commands  
Who said: "Unto the least of these—to me;"  
Blessing and blest, as lovely colors blend  
To make thine autumn wreath, belovèd friend.

## EPITHALAMIUM

BECAUSE they love as lovers may  
In love's unselfish, royal way,  
I know their love will last for aye.

Each to the other's wish defers;  
His hopes, ambitions, all are hers;  
Her silent thought his being stirs.

She, from a separate seion grown,  
Engrafted makes his life her own;  
Not as the clinging vine outblown

By adverse winds to sudden fall,  
But like the palm-tree, seneschal  
Of sovereign bounty, blessing all.

O happy twain, forever one,  
What ask ye more beneath the sun?—  
Love reigns supreme, Love's will be done!



## INSPIRATEUR

FOR HER SILVER WEDDING

L. A. S. P.

LOVE sets her jewels like a crown  
Upon the royal head of truth,  
And tender radiance flashes down  
Its sunshine of eternal youth.

O rarest teacher, truest friend,  
I clasp a hand I held of yore;  
The years recede, the moments blend,  
And I am at your feet once more.

I hear the voices glad and sweet,  
The classmate's call from book and bower,  
And once again your lips repeat  
The lesson golden as the hour.

The young hearts pant with eager haste  
To battle with life's surging wrong,  
And trembling lips have dared to taste  
The fountain of immortal song.

All nature waits, and flower and star  
With light and sweetness thrill the air,  
And from heroic ages far  
The story of the æons bear.

## INSPIRATEUR

O morning life! thy freshness still  
Can tinge the cheek with softer glow,  
And with its pictured memories fill  
These halls we loved so long ago.

We come once more across the years  
That bring the silver wedding-day,  
And through the mist of gathering tears  
This tribute at your feet we lay.

God bless you, friend of friends, with one  
Who takes for us the lover's part,  
And bring for you at set of sun  
The Golden Wedding of the heart.

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING

OLIVER ALLEN AND CATHERINE H. SEAMAN

1848. MAY 18. 1898

IN the year we call the olden,  
When the tulips blossom golden,  
All in merry, merry May,  
Come the grandsires and grandmothers,  
Aunts and uncles, sisters, brothers,  
And the hosts of cousins gay,  
Bringing wealth of warm affection,  
Tributes wondrous in selection,  
For the "Golden Wedding day."

Baby cooings, boyish laughter,  
Shaking roof-tree to each rafter,  
Bring to mind the old-time way;  
When, arm in arm and garden flitting,  
Or in leafy arbor sitting,  
Went the heads that now are gray.

Still we see the smoke a-curling  
Where Havanas are unfurling,—  
Boys are boys for aye and aye;  
But their talk is of Manila,  
Spanish dons and fierce guerrilla,  
And they accent Cavit .

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING

But the younger hearts are glowing  
With the ardor of the knowing  
All about the wedding day,  
When grandfather and grandmother,  
Plighting troth to one another,  
Were the bride and groom of May.

O, the skies were blue that morning,  
Heaven's own blue for the adorning,  
Not a cloud that came their way;  
Pink of apple blooms drooped o'er them,  
And the long, bright road before them  
Shone in wreaths for holiday.

Now, my Muse, the fact surrender  
That the groom was tall and slender,  
But his beauty why assay,  
When the bride stepped so divinely  
Like a Juno, and benignly  
As became the Queen of May?

Is it fifty years? Oh, never!  
Just a bit of the forever,  
And we meet and kiss and say,  
With a tender, sweet caressing,  
One more prayer for Heaven's blessing  
On the Golden Wedding day.

“WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS WHITE  
WITH MAY.”

WHEN all the world was white with May,  
And valley lilies hid away,  
Our darling, shy and sweet as they,  
    Slipped through the gates of Paradise;  
The storm-clouds darkened all the plain,  
The sobbing requiem of the rain;  
Throbbled in our hearts a kindred pain;  
    The gates were shut in Paradise.

There came a morn so still and fair,  
The breath of Heaven was in the air;  
Might we not see her shining there,  
    Beside the gates of Paradise?  
And, lo! a vision, soft as light,  
When morning breaks from troubled night;  
The May flowers leaned their blossoms white—  
    Earth was the gate of Paradise.

## SONNET

WEEP not, my friends, for soul so passing fair  
That seemed, while yet of earth, still poised for  
flight,  
Like some winged orchid hovering in the air,  
A miracle of radiant love and light.  
Her seraph song she sang, but stooping still  
To share the burdens of our common lot,  
Seeking by prayer to know His perfect will  
Who dwelt on earth yet of the earth was not;  
With gentlest touch she soothed the hearts that bled  
From inward wounds the heedless had passed by:  
Nay, friends, how can we help but weep her dead,  
Thinking of tears no other hand could dry  
Save His who lingered in one home of grief?—  
Jesus who “wept,” come Thou and bring relief.

## FATHER

LET sculptured wreath of laurel twine the name  
We hold more precious as the years go by ;  
This much we give the world—his meed of fame  
Whose royal nature trembled at a sigh.  
Tender, compassionate, just, wise, and good,  
He filled the measure of his earthly days ;  
Heroic in his purpose firm he stood,  
And state and church unite to speak his praise.  
Yet dearer far to us the cherished name  
Which made the home the center of our bliss ;  
How fondly spoken as we bent to claim  
The morning welcome and the evening kiss !  
We know not what new name to him is given,  
But “Father” would we call our loved in heaven.

“SOFTLY KNEEL, OH, SWEETLY TELL”

SOFTLY kneel, oh, sweetly tell  
How fair a life hath sped;  
No flower of light that starred the night  
A lovelier radiance shed.

Each day outwrought such home-love thought  
Ye said, “ ’T is God doth give;  
He doth insphere this angel here  
To teach us how to live.”

But when sharp pain racked heart and brain,  
With smile and patient sigh  
He murmured, “Yes”—Oh, loveliness!  
He taught us how to die.



## RESURGEMUS

AWAY from the old farm-gate it wound,  
The slow, sad funeral-train;  
For the reaper, Death, a sheaf had bound  
Of the ripe and bearded grain.

Past the fold where the shuddering flocks  
Wait for the whistle shrill;  
Past the barn where the swallow mocks  
The whirr of the winnowing mill;

Along where the orchard slants to the sun,  
And the fruits ungarnered fall;  
Away where the fields, half-plowed and dun,  
Follow the moss-grown wall;

Across the stream where the drowsy herds  
Rest from the noontide heat;  
Through the grove where the brooding birds  
Coo to their nestlings sweet;

Up the hill where the church spire gleams,  
And the church bell deals its dole:  
On to the grave where the sunlight streams  
That shall quicken a living soul.

## HARRY

How the happy household darkened  
With its dread and fearful doom,  
When we shut our ray of glory  
In the casket's purple gloom!  
Just for one more look, O Father!  
Can this be Thy loving will?  
Can we bear Thy bitter chastening,  
And our stricken hearts be still?

In the weakness of our sorrow  
We have said, "Thy heaven was bright;  
Wherefore send Thy shining angels  
Thus to woo him from our sight?"  
Still he listened, smiling radiant,  
While they whispered him to come;  
Then with voice of tender pleading:  
"Please take little Harry home!"

Then we kissed him for his going,  
But we could not see the way  
For the tears that fell so blinding  
Where our precious treasure lay.  
How the lilies shed their fragrance,  
How the holy blossoms smiled,  
When with sweetest "Coming! Coming!"  
Went our little angel child!

So we wait with weary yearning,  
Praying God for His dear rest;  
He hath given—He hath taken—  
And He knoweth what is best.  
Day by day he sendeth healing,  
And we say with trembling will:  
“Though He slay me, I will trust Him—  
Trust my loving Father still.”

## THE LAST SERVICE

WHAT shall we do for Lilian,  
Sweetheart Lilian dead?  
Light from her eyes has faded,  
Songs from her lips have fled.  
Sweetheart Lilian,  
Lilian, sweetheart dead.

Shroud her in softest raiment;  
Lilian, sweetheart dear;  
Drop a kiss on her forehead,  
A kiss and a burning tear;  
Sweetheart Lilian,  
Lilian, sweetheart dear.

Speak the dear words of comfort;  
Sing as she used to do;  
Bear her in tender silence,  
Ye who our sweetheart knew;  
Lilian, sweetheart,  
Sweetheart Lilian true.

Leave her with Him who loved her,  
Giving what earth denied,  
Joy and a saint's sweet service  
In the bridegroom's kingdom wide;  
Angel Lilian,  
Lilian, angel bride.

## SONNET

TO J. M. M.

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER, LONG BLIND

“OH, love! oh, light! dear one, lift up thine head!”

’T is thus thy father bids thee grieve no more:

Behold the brightness of that new-found shore

To which, through darkened days, his footsteps  
led,

The Lamb of God its very soul of light!

What rapture of the heavenly dream fulfilled!

The anguish and the struggle softly stilled,

Fair morning breaking through the starless night!

Oh, love, her waiting angels through the years

Wrought in his heart a patience sweet, divine;

He lived as kneeling at Faith’s holy shrine,

The comforter of sorrow’s untold tears.

Wilt thou not listen to his tender voice?

“Oh, love! oh, light! O daughter mine, rejoice!”

## VESPER HOME

O SILENT house, in bloom embowered,  
How sadly sweet thy twilights fall!  
While through the chestnuts, many-flowered,  
The robin sings its plaintive call.

What time my footsteps turned of yore  
To linger in thy pleasant shade,  
The form of one I see no more  
Thy beauty and enchantment made.

The rose its queenly blossom sheds,  
And leaf by leaf its royal bloom  
Falls on her doorway, and bespreads  
The path we followed to her tomb.

Sigh, grieving pines, she will not hear  
The mournful music of your leaves;  
The fragrance of your nightly tear  
The whispering wind alone receives.

Cling, closer cling, dear clambering vines,  
This was the home her heart enshrined;  
And here, in fairest vision, shines  
The genial soul, the radiant mind.

Bright Seraph, from that mansion blest  
Which love redeeming made for thee,  
The halo of thy heavenly rest  
Illumines Death's dread mystery.

## QUITO

O BEAUTEOUS Earth! his worship didst thou know,  
That thou shouldst take him to thy very heart,  
And set thy mountains, with their sun-kissed snow,  
To guard his precious dust, of thine a part?  
Once to behold that vision of delight,  
To breathe the air of thine eternal spring;—  
And then, his soul, exultant, took its flight,  
To dwell, forever, with its Lord and King.  
Grieve not, O Earth! immortal was thy child,  
And, springing from his consecrated grave,<sup>1</sup>  
Behold a flower, whose splendor undefiled  
May yet thy darkened people cheer and save.  
Its starry rays are lighted from above,  
And in its heart the crimson Cross of Love.

<sup>1</sup> "Yonder city of Quito has stood over three hundred years, yet never has seen such a day as this,—the burial of a Protestant in a Protestant burial ground."

COLONEL STAUNTON'S BURIAL SERVICE.

## IMMORTELLLES

AT ST. PAUL'S

So sweet thy sleep, so calm and still,  
I will not weep nor think it ill;  
O Saviour! keep this wrestling will,

That, night and day, my heart shall feel,  
My lips shall say, as low I kneel:  
"In thine own way my sorrows heal!"

No whiter wreath has Love to twine  
Than this, beneath these tears of mine;  
Sweet life! she seeth how true they shine.

Her seraph voice saith: "Love, I wait!  
Look up; rejoice! No hapless fate  
But God's own choice brought our estate.

"His perfect plan for human need  
No eye can scan, no heart can read.  
'Love God and man' His only creed.

"Our paths diverge that better we  
May onward press till each shall see  
In thorn and scourge Love's mystery.

"His work fulfilled, again we meet,  
Our glad souls thrilled with love complete,  
The murmurings stilled in blessings sweet."



## THY WAY

In Thine own way  
Let me be led, dear Jesus, to Thy feet,  
Through piercing storms, through blasts of blind-  
ing heat  
In deserts gray.

In Thine own way  
Subdue the froward heart, the stubborn will,  
And to the warring waves the "Peace, be still,"  
Oh, sweetly say.

In Thine own way;  
And yet, forgive, if, failing to look up,  
"Take, Father, from my lips the bitter cup,"  
I sometimes pray.

In Thine own way;  
Let me not count my suffering, grief, or loss,  
When fainting, faltering underneath the cross  
Thy love doth lay.

In Thine own way;  
Thou wilt not break, I know, the bruised reed,  
Though torn and quivering every fiber bleed  
When rough winds sway.

In Thine own way;  
So shall it lead me to the heavenly height;  
Still will I watch the guiding flame by night,  
The cloud by day.



POEMS IN WAR TIME



## THE LAUREATE

E. B. B.

GREAT, noble heart, I waited by thy grave,  
My head uncovered in the fair, white sun  
That rose and stood to mark the victory won,  
While all Italia's freemen, good and brave,  
Dropped tears, and said, "To-day the earth is poor,  
But heaven is rich; 'is it not so, Cavour?' "  
Ah, Casa Guidi windows dark and still!  
My heart sent up one wild and bitter cry,  
"Just when *we* needed most, why should she die?"  
Whose hand shall now with tender, Christ-taught  
skill  
Probe deep our festering wound that will not heal?  
Where shall her mantle fall?—Then did I kneel,  
And when my soul with love transfigured shone,  
I prayed, for FREEDOM's sake, would God it were  
my own.  
July, 1861.

## THE CLARION

ARM, arm, swifter than winds!

Listen the voice that saith:

“Strike for the right with a terrible might,  
Victory now or death!”

Stand, stand as the gray old rock

Where the ocean surges roar;

Beat them back or die in the track

As our fathers died of yore!

Strike, strike with a steady hand,

Battle through fire and flood!

The curse of Cain for a brother slain

Crimsons the land with blood.

Rest, rest when the work is done,

And the shackled hands are free,

When the sons of toil from the blood-cleansed soil

Shout, “Welcome, Liberty!”

August 8, 1861.

## THE JUBILEE

FAIR Zion, daughter of the skies,

Whose wings are stretched from sea to sea,  
The Bridegroom saith to thee—"Arise,

Proclaim my gracious Liberty!

Each struggling sigh, each anguished word,

In an accepted time I heard,

That thou mightst to the prisoners say,

'Go forth—God maketh your highway.'

Lo! these from far, from west and north,

Wait for the trumpet's sound—the jubilee—"Go  
forth.' "

Ye Rulers, reverent and just,

So loath to take the avenging rod,

The hour hath come for ye to trust

The loving wisdom of our God.

No sun shall smite them as they go,

For He shall lead their footsteps slow;

They shall not hunger, neither thirst,

He guides where springs of water burst.

Sing, O ye heavens! be joyful, earth!

Soon shall the trumpet sound the jubilee—"Go  
forth!"

## THE JUBILEE

O Land, our land of priceless birth,  
Thy homes are lying desolate;  
Yet queens and mighty kings of earth  
Shall live to see thy place too strait  
For myriad freemen that shall dwell  
Where freemen dared God's birthright sell,  
Who ate their flesh—O wrath divine—  
And drank their children's blood like wine.  
Redeemer, Saviour, Mighty One,  
I hear Thy voice proclaim—"The jubilee is  
come!"  
September, 1861.



## THE FAST

A PARAPHRASE OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER  
OF ISAIAH

Cry, cry aloud!  
From out the cloud  
There comes the trumpet's warning blare:  
No more rejoice,  
Lift up the voice!  
For Jacob's sins thou shalt not spare.

When, day by day,  
Ye sought my way  
With solemn chant and fast and prayer,  
I took no heed  
To Zion's need  
That bowed in mourning, mocking there.

With fiery hate,  
And dread debate,  
Ye smote with clenched and wicked hand,  
And where ye found  
The prisoner bound,  
Ye forged anew the cruel band.

## THE FAST

Cry, ery aloud,  
From out the cloud,  
“This is the Fast the Lord will choose!”  
With sudden stroke  
Break every yoke,  
The bands of wickedness unloose!

Bring to thy door  
The hungry poor,  
That peace and love may yet abide;  
With tender care  
Thy covering spare;  
From thine own flesh thou shalt not hide!

Then shall the light  
Piercee darkest night,  
The old waste places shalt thou build;  
The Lord shall guide;  
On every side  
Thy springs with water shall be filled.

Haste, Zion, haste,  
Repair the waste;  
Restore the paths where love may dwell;  
Then to thy cry  
The “Here am I”  
Like bursting waters sweet shall swell.  
September, 1861.

## OUR BOYS GOING TO THE WAR

As down the red October hills  
The swollen torrents leap their rills  
Past broken flumes and waiting mills  
    With rushing noise,  
So, hand to hand, with parting thrills,  
    Sweep forth our boys.

Not fierce to hate but strong to dare,  
They hunt the traitor in his lair;  
The loneliest cot has one to spare  
    From home's sweet joys;  
The fondest heart still breathes the prayer,  
    "God speed our boys!"

No hirelings from Oppression's hold,  
No lawless mob in rapine bold,  
No patriot cast in Freedom's mold  
    With base alloys;  
Fresh from the mint, earth's finest gold,  
    Our sterling boys!

What hopes, what faith engird them round,  
What songs of cheer to heaven resound,  
What prayers that peace may yet abound,  
    Each heart employs!  
While tears fall on the hallowed ground  
    Where sleep our boys.

OUR BOYS GOING TO THE WAR

One thought, one prayer to Him all-wise  
At morn and evening sacrifice,  
Till Freedom, stooping from the skies,  
Her wings shall poise;  
And one victorious anthem rise,  
God bless our boys!

October 10, 1861.

## THEODORE

IN the quaint old house so brown  
With the lilacs under the eaves,  
From the morning light till the sun goes down  
A mother sits and grieves.

And she moans through the long, dark night,  
"O murmuring heart, be still!  
He had not died in a stranger's home  
If it had not been God's will."

"He is sick and near to death:"  
It flashed from the lightning's scroll!  
And a shuddering terror wildly swept  
Its darkness over her soul.

To and fro through the little room,  
Parting the curtains white,  
As waits the prisoner for his doom  
She waited for news that night.

"He is dead"—it was all they said—  
They dared not speak his name;  
But the burning words—she knew they would  
come—  
They scorched in her heart like flame.

To and fro in the little room—  
Was it the school-girls' song?

She only heard the thunderous car  
Crashing and crushing along,

Over the iron road,  
Hard and cold as her fate,  
Bearing with stern, remorseless speed  
Its pale and precious freight.

“He is come”—it was all they said:  
No need to tell her more;  
She knew the tread that brought her dead  
So close to his mother’s door.

So near and yet so far,  
Can she look on his face and live?  
His face so strange with the cold, mute lips  
Without one smile to give.

Once more, and never more,  
She parts the clustering hair;  
She kisses his cheek, and the folded hands,  
And the forehead, white and fair.

Gone—how dark and still  
Is the little curtained room;—  
It is years they say, it seems not a day  
Since it laughed in light and bloom.

From the fields of living green  
The victor’s song sweeps down;  
But an angel sometimes walks unseen  
In the dear old house so brown.

1861.

## THE UPAS

It was very fair to see,  
This patriarchal tree,  
    Spreading wide!  
Shading all the southern rills,  
Overtopping northern hills  
    In its pride.

There the worshipers appeared,  
Treading softly, as they feared  
    Holy ground;  
Underneath its somber shade  
Their tinkling vestments made  
    Pleasant sound.

Every morn there fell the rain;  
It was red as battle-stain;  
    And the dew  
Was rounded from the tears  
Wept through all the hopeless years  
    Since it grew.

And the fruit, ah, bitter fruit!  
Woe the lips that it might suit,  
    Crying, "More!"  
It freighted hungry ships—  
It was scorpions and whips  
    Stained with gore.

## THE UPAS

Like the winds that waft us death  
Was the poison of its breath  
    Everywhere;  
All the Northland reeled in pain,  
While the cry of millions slain  
    Was Despair!

Then the dread Avenger came,  
With his flashing eyes of flame,  
    And his frown,  
Saying, "Curse of all the earth  
Is this Tree of evil birth;  
    Cut it down!"

January, 1862.



## OUR GIDEON

NAY, but we trusted him. Onward he went,  
And we poured out our heart in-thanksgiving,  
That God in his mercy a Ruler had sent  
Who was worthy our loving and living.  
In strife and in fear the dark waters were stirred,  
But the tree of our hope was there swaying,  
And the heart of the nation grew strong as it  
heard,  
“Behold! ah, behold! he is praying.”

Nay, but we trusted him. Shall we forget  
How in wisdom our counsels he guided,  
Till the star of our freedom in beauty was set  
On the brow of a nation divided?  
“It is morning,” we shouted; “ring out, ye glad  
bells!  
There is hope for the poor and the lowly;  
Through the storm clouds that rise, through the  
tempest that swells,  
See the noon cometh, slowly but surely.”

Nay, but we trusted him. Still will we trust,  
While the dew from the fleece he is wringing;  
Go forward he will, and go forward he must,  
To the trial of hosts we are bringing.  
The altar is built, and the trumpet doth sound,  
He hath spoken “this once” and God heareth:  
Lo, the fleece it is dry, there is dew on the ground,  
And the day of *The Ransom* appeareth.

August, 1862.

## SONNET

### AFTER THE BATTLE OF PORT HUDSON

DEAR mourning one, may not these tears attest  
The right of love to come anear thy grief?  
Where shall the sleepless anguish find its rest  
But on the hearts that yearn for thy relief?  
Still, hour by hour, through all this fair June day—  
O when shall days be fair to thee again?—  
With quick, grieved thoughts my soul has winged its  
way  
And followed with thee in the weeping train.  
Just Heaven! If such dear blood must drench our  
soil,  
What priceless boon awaits this stricken land!  
Shall not each sorrowing son of want and toil  
Spring ransomed from the fallen oppressor's  
hand?  
While Freedom's flag unfurls her stainless blue  
And all the darkened stars with new-born light shine  
through.  
June, 1863.

## GOD'S SUPREME

STANTON ! immortal as thy fame  
Comes back the hour, linked with thy name,  
When hearts were fused in War's fierce flame.

How slumbering memories throb and beat,  
The roll of drums, the tramp of feet,  
The roar of guns from fort and fleet;

The palsied nation, pale with dread,  
Foul treason banqueted and fed,  
The White House, charnel as with dead!

Then rose the man of giant will,  
Herculean labors to fulfil,  
Who wrought with bright, consummate skill.

His was the patriot heart to give  
The genius-thought, intuitive,  
To speak and bid the dry bones live.

Once more our martyred Chief we hear:  
"Good friend, it doth not yet appear  
That you no more are needed here."

And, hand in hand, and face to face,  
He draws the Friend to his embrace—  
The twain, the grandest of our race.

## GOD'S SUPREME

A nation waits beside his bier;  
“Good friend, *we* thought you needed here.”  
God knoweth best, we will not fear.

Our honors poor were not for thee;  
Far up in higher courts we see  
White robes of immortality.

January, 1870.

## HYMN

### FOR THANKSGIVING

A NATION bows, with one accord,  
In glad thanksgiving to our Lord;  
Their grateful praise His presence fills,  
Like incense from a thousand hills.

His bounteous love has crowned the year  
With harvest sheaf and ripened ear;  
And scattered over hill and plain  
The fruit, the blossom, and the grain.

His truth, broadcast on many fields,  
A richer, sweeter blessing yields;  
And man to man in closer kin  
Feels all the brotherhood within.

While war's dread thunder comes from far,  
We hail with joy our Morning Star;  
PEACE lights our land from shore to shore,  
And decks our heroes' graves once more.

Great Ruler! We adore Thy name,  
Confess our sins with guilt and shame,  
And with united voice we sing  
Thanksgiving to our Lord and King.

November 24, 1870.

CHARLES SUMNER

God shaped a soul in kingly mold  
Of beaten fire that, still and cold,  
It might his perfect image hold.

This life, He said, all lives above,  
The oneness of the race shall prove—  
The unity of perfect love.

Through pain and loss it shall be mine,  
The martyr's cross shall be the sign  
That I have set my seal divine.

Grand and heroic, nations came  
To wait upon His honored name,  
And then the Law of Peace proclaim.

The dusky sons that cowered in fear  
Bent to the earth a listening ear,  
And heard their Great Deliverer near.

Sword-cleft, the parted sea gave way;  
The fire by night, the cloud by day,  
Still led them all the devious way.

Then spake that voice which, small and still,  
The very heaven of heavens can fill,—  
Spake, through the dying, low and still :

CHARLES SUMNER

“Belovéd Commonwealth,<sup>1</sup> thy son  
Intrusts to thee the rights unwon;  
See thou that God’s own Will be done.”

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
A nation weeps her brave and just;  
O royal soul, we take thy trust!

March, 1874.

<sup>1</sup> When dying, Charles Sumner said to one in attendance:  
“Take care of my Civil Rights Bill.”





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## THE ROBIN'S TAUNT

HUSH, robin sweet!  
The winter is here;  
Oh, winter so drear  
With its snow and its sleet!

Why should you sing?  
The brooks are all still,  
And the springs are a-chill,  
Where you moistened your wing.

To my window you come;  
You 're a pauper at best,  
In your little red vest;  
Shall I give you a crumb?

What! gone, robin sweet!  
Did I drive you away,  
Who sang all the day  
In the snow and the sleet?

## TRANSFIGURED

FLOATING on soft, light pinions,  
Whiter than fairy down,  
Came the wraiths of the blossoms,  
Each with a starry crown ;  
Nestling in the tree-tops,  
Fluttering to the ground,  
Shod with a silver silence  
Sweeter than voice or sound.

Suddenly flashed a glory  
Out of the murky clouds,  
And we saw the wraiths of the blossoms,  
Not in their snow-white shrouds,  
But wearing robes of purple,  
Azure, and amber and rose ;  
Was it the wraith or the blossom ?  
Answer it he who knows.

## TRAILING ARBUTUS

BEHIND the bars, self-drawn, of springtime care,  
Pining and sick for healing of the woods  
Made grand and tender by their solitudes,  
Sudden as answer to a swift-sent prayer  
Came rosy fragrance cradled soft in moss,—

Sweet April darlings prattling of the rain,  
Their mantles braided with a fairy floss  
Rose tinted as a shell or daisy chain,  
Spring's spicy sweetness on their parted lips  
Athrill with robin's carol and refrain.

O pretty waifs! already am I glad.

Who dared to say the winter was too drear,  
Since, folded in his bosom, he hath had  
This ecstasy that fills the poet's year.

## SONNET

Now winsome March, fair herald of the spring,  
Holds firm and fast his wind-swept gonfalon  
The while he gaily shouts and beckons on  
The timid troop of flowers whose prisoning  
Hath left them wan and pale as snowdrops are;  
Sun-kissed they smile and hear th' unfettered  
stream  
Whose faint, far music thrilled their winter's  
dream  
And shaped their being to a rhythmic star.  
So Nature moves unerring and divine,  
Above, beyond our finite, clouded sense;  
But when a greater—our Omnipotence—  
Speaks to the soul, it needs not voice nor sign.  
In Him we live and move, our being His,  
And Love discerns all Nature's mysteries.

## IMPROMPTU

HEAR the valley lily's chime,  
Sweeter than a poet's rhyme,  
Happy birthday! joyous time!

Apple blossoms—drifting snow—  
Strew the pathway as we go  
Where the crimson tulips blow;

Starry innocence all white,  
Almond blossoms soft and bright,  
Flushed with morning's rosy light.

Dandelions in the grass  
All their censers swing "at mass,"  
Jack-a-preaching as we pass.

Here the fire-bush, all aflame,  
Kindles when I call your name;  
Happy hero! born to fame,—

Of a dozen years and one,  
Quarter first of life begun,  
Brimming now with boyish fun.

Birds are flitting here and there,  
Twitter, twitter everywhere:  
Oriole the debonair,

## IMPROMPTU

Chickadee so brown and sweet,  
Robin-red upon his beat,  
For the young ones have to eat;

And the bees are all alive,  
Swarming from the busy hive;  
Hear them humming, "Work and thrive!"

Now we find our tangled glade  
Where the ferns nod in the shade,  
And the pansies, half afraid,

Drop their lashes, oh, so shy;  
Pansy! Pansy! tell me why  
Such a love-light in your eye?

Happy birthday! may the rest  
Be as simply, purely blest,  
Joy of springtime for your guest.



## MY DIARY

A WILD flower crushed between the leaves,  
Sweet perfume of the past;  
For if one joys or if one grieves,  
It will not last.

Yet Hope's fruition day by day  
Forbids despair;  
Not what we were brings peace and rest,  
But what we are.

## FLOWERS IN SICKNESS

O SWEET, sweet ministry of flowers! My heart,  
That moved so sluggish in its course to-day,  
So dull and cumbrous with its weight of clay,  
Felt in their presence quickened pulses start,  
Till happy tears ran down my cheeks like rain—  
The bloom of summer brightened all the room,  
And soaring song-birds, through the rifts of  
gloom,  
Sent joyous thrills of quickened life again.  
Oh, sweet, sweet ministry of love! for this  
From bud and rose the balmy wine I sip,  
Till, on the honeysuckle's moistened lip,  
I find Love's embassy, the heart-warm kiss.  
Dear, thoughtful Ruth, the angel thus to be  
Of fragrant alms and tender sympathy.

## DISTRUST

Oh, wherefore grieving and downcast?  
God's sunshine, it will come at last.  
Why murmur thus disconsolate?  
Open thy heart and patient wait.

Again thy quickened pulse shall glow,  
Again His presence shalt thou know;  
The clouds will lift, the darkness flee,  
And songs upon thy lips shall be.

## RECOIL

O YOU who were not kind or sweet,  
Why lay these laurels at my feet?  
The laurel holds the winter's chill;  
No balm its bitter buds distil.

I wear instead this pale, sweet rose  
Whose faintest flush my being knows;  
And once again my pulses thrill,  
Awaiting love's transcendent will.

## GLEN IRIS

SWEET sylvan Solitude! thy genius came!  
Long ages waited for the tryst to be,  
And in a poet's dream of ecstasy,  
All smiles and tears, he spake thy fond, new name,  
Glen Iris! and the voice of mountain rills  
With low, melodious thunder woke the hills  
In answering echo, and the swaying vines  
Made leafy canopies, fair forest shrines  
For silent worship; fairy troops of ferns  
Bent in a mute obeisance as they passed,  
Where velvet mosses had their mantles cast,  
Leading the way to nectar-brimming urns;  
And over all the softly veiling mist,  
Now rose, now changing pearl and lovely amethyst.

## TABLE ROCK

### LOWER FALLS OF THE GENESEE

It cometh with its maddened rush,  
The fierce and foaming tide,  
As bounds the war-horse in the flush  
Of victory and pride;  
Cometh, cometh  
To leap the mountain-side.

And yet the fearless stream was nursed  
In silent glen and glade,  
And softly tried its strength when first  
It left the sylvan shade;  
Softly, softly  
It leaped the bright cascade.

It glided round the forest hill  
To kiss the bending flower;  
And murmured to the dancing rill  
That left its shady bower,—  
Murmured, murmured  
Of future pride and power.

Then on and on it swiftly sped,  
Till, from the trembling shore,  
The drooping blossom bent its head,  
But kissed the wave no more;  
Drooping, drooping  
To hear its hollow roar.

## TABLE ROCK

And now the fearful cliff and crag  
O'erhang with threatening face,  
And wildly, madly, down they drag  
The torrent to their place;  
Wildly, wildly  
It struggles in the chase.

They press its sides; it sways and moans,  
So fearful is the shock;  
But, plunging on, it proudly foams  
Their iron grasp to mock;  
Plunging, plunging,  
It vaults o'er Table Rock.

## LOVE'S UNITY

EVER as the May returns,  
Hymen's torch more brightly burns—  
Sacred fire that Love inurns.

Through the years its joyous light  
Made the hearth-stone warm and bright,  
Quickened hearts with new delight.

Childish footsteps went and came,  
Mirth and music, song and game  
Guided by its oriflamme.

And a holier light was shed  
When the parting word was said  
In a tearful, tender dread.

And its ray shone like a star  
When the tidings from afar—  
Cruel as death's tidings are—

Shrouded heaven itself from view,  
Heart of home pierced through and through,  
In that anguish strange and new.

“Not my will but Thine” again,  
Christ had risen, death was slain,  
Peace came slowly after pain.

Then was perfect Love made known,  
Home's dear hearth its altar-stone,  
And its fire was heaven's own.



## ISABEL SOMERSET

DEAR Lady Somerset, thy name we speak  
And claim thee heart-guest with as fond a tone  
As if, indeed, thou wert our very own,  
With that pure English rose upon thy cheek;  
Daughter of dukes and mother of an earl,  
Thy noble lineage all understood,  
We see upon thy brow but one fair pearl,  
The peerless gift of heaven,—thy womanhood.  
By virtue of this talisman divine,  
The weary, tempted, fallen ones of earth  
Become thy kindred in that wondrous birth  
Where God the Spirit sets His seal and sign.  
As came our Saviour, not to rich and great,  
So thou to lowly lives art wholly consecrate.

## WHY?

WHY comes the low voice of command  
On wings of lightning through the land?—  
Arise, O woman, fearless stand!

Why falter not her tireless feet?  
Why do the trembling lips repeat  
The soul-wrung prayer in church and street?

Why, for her cradle songs, more dear  
Than chant of angels, do we hear  
The martyr's hymn ring sweet and clear?

Why, timid, shrinking, can she bear  
The taunt, the jeer-polluted air,  
The cynic's sneer, the ruffian's stare?

Why hath God girded her with might  
To put the hosts of sin to flight,  
To turn the key that bars from right?

Why hath He brought her low,—so low  
That every fluttering pulse of woe  
Beats in her heart with throb and throe?

God knoweth why. He understood  
Why Bethlehem's blessing, Calvary's rood,  
Must come through holy motherhood.

## WHY?

He gave the heart whose love can trace  
The angel in the demon's face,  
Her child, though smitten with disgrace.

He gave the strong, defiant will  
That seeks its own through every ill—  
Child, husband, brother, father still.

He gave the pleading, constant prayer  
That wearies heaven that He might share  
The burdens that His children bear.

O woman, faint not, nor repine,  
This consecrated work is thine;  
Thy kingdom shall be made divine.

Thy kingdom, perfect shall it be,  
With "little children" at thy knee,  
The home of peace and purity.

And, therefore, through the land a cry,—  
Awake, arise, thine hour is nigh!  
Be sure God knows the reason why!

## WOMAN'S RIGHT

“YE twain shall be one flesh,” the Scripture said,  
And man replied, “Yea, I will be the head,  
And she the hands, forevermore to serve;  
And if from my commands her footsteps swerve,  
She then shall go in sorrow, lacking bread,—  
Not only earthly food, but bread divine;  
I have the kingly right and she is mine.”  
But lo! a better wisdom comes to-day;  
The version is revised, and good men say:  
“What blindness hid from us the Lord’s design!  
Twin-souled we stand and each to each defers,  
Instant as thought we say, not ‘his,’ or ‘hers,’  
But ‘ours,’ and in that clearer, purer light  
Fades out the baleful star of ‘Woman’s Right.’ ”

## THE GATES OF PEARL

WRITTEN ON THE "PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS," 1893

IN the White City, with its treasures vast,  
From out all nations, and beyond compare,  
There shone the "Gates of Pearl," through which  
there passed

The world's evangels, to a temple fair,  
And yet unseen by unanointed eyes,  
Where stood the angel Peace, with outstretched  
hands

To welcome with sweet ardor of surprise

These arbiters of love, from many lands.

"Praise God," they sang, "From Whom All Bless-  
ings Flow,"—

And with bowed heads they sought the great  
All-Good,

Pleading the Christ in life, whom each must know

Who feels the bond—one blood—one brother-  
hood.

His tabernacle is with men, he dwells with them,  
Making new earth—new heaven—the new  
Jerusalem.

## CORREGGIO

### THE FATE OF GENIUS

The celebrated artist, Antonio Allegri da Correggio, returning on foot from Parma with sixty crowns in copper coin, the price received for his last picture, the Madonna, sank exhausted by the margin of a water-fall, near Correggio. Stooping to refresh himself with a cooling draught from the stream, a blood-vessel burst, and his gentle spirit departed to the better land. He died at the age of thirty-nine, in the year 1534.

#### I

O GENIUS! thou hast many sons of name  
To wake the echo of triumphant fame:

Eternal praise!

And thou hast daughters, holy, pure, and bright,  
Upon whose brow a calm, celestial light

Forever plays.

And yet, thy favored children, in the spring  
Of life and gladness, when the heart should bring  
Its fairest flowers,—

Thy children, panting with an eager thirst  
For shining streams, whence living fountains  
burst,

Have left earth's bowers.

But ah! a sadder fate than early grave  
They oft have known!—to breast affliction's wave  
Till want and care

Have silvered locks, and furrowed blooming  
cheeks,

And strung the maddened wire which sternly  
speaks

The heart's despair.

And they have died, by Fortune's hirelings  
 spurned,  
 Till heavenward wings the soul, and men have  
 learned  
     Their cheerless fate;  
 Then Fame, with trumpet-tongue, proclaims  
 aloud,  
 But wakes no pulse beneath the humble shroud,—  
     'T is all too late!

Such are thy children; Genius, such their life;  
 With brilliant fancies, yet with sorrows rife,  
     They pass from earth;—  
 Such was immortal White, whose notes have stirred  
 The hearts of thousands, trembling on the word  
     His thought gave birth.

The bard of Ayrshire, with his melting song,  
 Which flowed like Afton's gentle stream along,  
     Amid green braes;  
 "Misfortune's cauld nor'west" he keenly knew,  
 And scarce received the honor justly due,  
     The meed of praise.

And he, the minstrel of a noble line,  
 Who downward stooped to touch a thought  
 sublime,—  
     Alas! he died  
 Thy victim, Genius, in a foreign land,  
 With fearful temper, ill at his command,  
     And much of pride.

Beloved Hemans, honored queen of song;  
 Thy daughter, too, she comes amid the throng,  
     Serene and slow;  
 Grief hath been hers, the wasting grief of years,  
 And o'er her quivering lyre the silent tears  
     In anguish flow.

And ye, sweet sisters of the bright Champlain,  
 Ye star-eyed spirits of a seraph train,  
     Ye dwell not here;  
 Exiled to earth, your longing souls have flown  
 Back to their native land, their angel home,  
     In brighter sphere.

Lamented Mozart, Genius' darling child,  
 With music in his heart so deep, so wild,  
     'T was angel tone;—  
 He poured his gushing soul in plaintive song,  
 His requiem chanted as he passed along  
     Through Death's dark zone.

And he, the artist improvisatore,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose sculptured brow that shade of paleness  
     wore  
     Which want doth know;  
 Like to his own Prometheus, bound, he stood;  
 Endured, for bold and heaven-aspiring mood,  
     The vulture, woe.

<sup>1</sup> Salvator Rosa.



## CORREGGIO

And such, O Genius! are thy favored ones,  
Thy high-souled daughters and most noble sons—  
    Their home the sky;  
Thou givest burning thoughts and hopes of fame,  
But dost bequeath them but a mortal frame,  
    And they must die.

And yet, stern sire, one solace thou dost give;  
Their mighty works imperishable live  
    While ages flow;—  
So live the works of him to whom belong  
The feeble honors of undying song,  
    Correggio.

## II

'T WAS morn, and the rich Italian sky  
Was a sea of molten gold,  
As wave on wave, in its gorgeous dye,  
    To the western ocean rolled;  
And tower, and tree, and the woodland bright  
Were bathed in a soft and mellow light,  
    All beauteous to behold.

Alone, in his humble cottage door,  
Was an artist wan and pale;  
He saw not the vine his lattice o'er,  
    Nor heeded the passing gale;  
But, eager, he bent his piercing eyes  
On visions that floated in cloudless skies,  
    And he murmured thus, "All hail!

"All hail, ye bright-winged spirits of morn!  
 I listen your voices' chime;  
 There sits on your brow no shade of scorn  
 To wither this heart of mine.  
 Ye call me hence and I would not stay,  
 For life is a weary, weary day;—  
 I long for the sinless clime."

"Wouldst thou leave me thus, Correggio?"  
 Said a voice of tender spell;  
 "Whom hath your Maddalene here below  
 But him she hath loved so well?  
 Thou shalt not die till the breath of fame  
 Hath borne to the great thine honored name,  
 And the world thy glories tell."

A laugh rang out on the summer air  
 With a sweet and childish glee;  
 A bold, bright boy with his sunny hair  
 Was beside his mother's knee;  
 "I will toil for these," the artist cried;  
 "O Fame! for thy fading wreath I 've sighed,  
 But I sigh no more for thee."

Wearily, wearily toiled he on,  
 Till the eye no more was bright;  
 The fading flush from his cheek had gone,  
 And gone was the spirit's light;  
 The world looked on with its cheerless gaze,  
 Then turned again to its busy ways,  
 Nor pondered the mournful sight.

## CORREGGIO

It was eve, and the burning stars looked out,  
And the perfumed air was still;  
No voice was heard save the gushing shout  
Of the merry forest rill;  
Away, away o'er the mountain-side  
The moon beamed forth in her peerless pride,  
And silvered each vale and hill.

The artist passed on his weary way  
From the stately halls of mirth;  
With cheerful heart he had toiled all day  
For the proud and great of earth:  
But now, as the evening shades came on  
And he bore his toil-earned burden home,  
Oh! the bitter thought had birth.

He, fainting, paused in the silent wood  
And quaffed of the cooling stream,  
The life-blood rose to the silver flood,  
And he murmured, "Maddalene,  
Oh, Maddalene! we shall meet no more,  
And the hope and fear alike are o'er;  
Farewell to the artist's dream!"

But list! on the air are voices low  
As the evening's plaintive sigh,  
And Maddalene breathes, "Correggio,  
I am with thee here to die";  
But the pale-browed sleeper knew it not,  
For the griefs of earth were all forgot—  
He had found his home on high.

## SPIRIT GUESTS

THERE are shadows flitting, flitting  
O'er the sunlight of this heart,  
In their wildness ever fitting  
To the outward counterpart;  
Daring dreams of proud ambition,  
Darkened by the flight of years,  
Moments, joyous in fruition,  
Yielding to an age of tears.

There are whispers thrilling, thrilling  
All this anxious, eager soul,  
With a strange, sweet impulse filling  
Till it brooks not my control;  
Whispers of the pure and holy,  
Calling to a far-off shore,  
Where the shade of melancholy  
Flits across the soul no more.

There is music stealing, stealing  
From the flow'ret's trembling bell,  
Soft its vesper chimes are pealing  
In the spirits' cloistered cell;  
'Tis the hour of sweet devotion,—  
Hence, unhallowed doubts and fears!  
Grief is ours on life's dark ocean,  
But the haven hath no tears.

## SPIRIT GUESTS

There are visions cheering, cheering  
As the chilling shadows creep,  
At the twilight hour appearing  
When the heart is prone to weep ;  
Visions varied, truthful, tender,  
O'er the spirit-clouds they rise,  
Hallowed by a dreamy splendor  
Gathered only from the skies.

## A MEMORY

“COME here, little sweet-voiced Kitty,  
And sit beside my knee.  
There, let me take your hand in mine,  
For Grandma cannot see.  
Look at the clock, the kind old clock,  
And tell me when it is ten;  
I feel as if my heart would break  
When they toll the bell again.”

“Grandma, here is a little rose—  
I knew they would n’t care  
If I took just one from the pretty crown  
They plaited for her hair;  
It did n’t seem she could be dead,  
She looked so sweet and fair.”

“Pretty rose, she was always fair,  
And she came so every day  
To smooth my pillow and set my chair  
Out of the sunshine’s way.  
Ah me, to be so old and blind,  
And she to go the first.  
Kitty, I wish that I could cry,  
For my heart is like to burst.”

A MEMORY

“Grandma, here is a little shred  
I picked up from the floor,  
Because you always liked to know  
What Cousin Sarah wore;  
I think a dress so soft and white  
She never had before.”

“Pretty lamb, it was none too white,  
It was none too soft for her;  
But, Kitty, the folds that lie on her heart  
No breath of life will stir.  
She wears in heaven the spotless robe—  
Whiter than this, I know;  
It may be wrong for me to grieve,  
But, Kitty, I miss her so.”

“Grandma, here is a little braid;  
When you went to see her last  
You smoothed the damp locks of her hair,  
And when her hand you clasped  
She turned her head that you should n’t feel  
The tears that fell so fast.”

“Pretty one, did she grieve so much?  
It is something sweet to know;  
Turn my chair to the window west,  
That is the way they will go.  
Hark! the bell, and I hear the wheels;  
I did n’t think it was ten;  
She never used to pass my door,  
But it is not now as then.”

“Grandma, Grandma, Kitty is here,  
I will love you all the more;  
There, let me wipe your tears away,  
And sing you the ‘Shining Shore’;  
You have not lost your pretty lamb,  
She has only gone before.”

“So it is best. I see it now,  
But it seems so long to wait;  
Kitty, to be so old and blind,  
I have murmured at my fate;  
But sing me again the hymn we love,  
It tells of the ‘Cross and Crown’—  
When the shock of corn is fully ripe,  
Then will He cut it down.”



## THE PIONEERS

JULY 4, 1876

RIPE as the fruit with its cheek to the sun  
And ready to fall,  
Here they are gathering, one by one,—  
Honored guests of us all.  
Cheer on cheer for the pioneer,  
Who never said fail, who never knew fear;  
Cherish them proudly for victories won,  
Now that the century's work is done.

In their mountain homes a call they heard—  
Westward Ho!  
There were trembling lips, and the parting word  
Ere the weary march and slow;  
Woods on woods, and floods on floods,  
Tangled swamps and solitudes,  
Lit with the wild azaleas' bloom,  
Honeyed sweet in their rich perfume.

Bourne of bliss! They have reached at last  
The Genesee,  
But on to its tribute stream they passed,  
Fairer than all to see;  
Down from the hills the sparkling rills  
Were rushing to turn the busy mills,  
And the valleys slept, like a dream of joy,  
Ready to waken—fair Le Roy.

Ready for churches, spire on spire,  
And the Round House quaint;  
Ready for Academa's fire,  
With its wise and sweet restraint:  
For the pillared dome, the school-girl's home,  
Art and science, fairy and gnome,—  
These, and more, from their dream awoke  
When the echoes answered the first firm stroke.

While the father swung the ringing axe,  
Forests crashing down,  
The mother cheerily broke the flax  
To make her homespun gown.  
Beetle and wedge and the sharp, keen edge  
Of the brier-hook in the tangled hedge,  
And then the wheat waved, mile on mile,  
With cradlers and binders, rank and file.

Merrily now through the fields of grain  
The reapers ride,  
The golden sheaves over hill and plain  
Are gaily tossed aside,  
With cheer on cheer for the pioneer,  
Who leveled the forests dense and drear,  
Heaping the crackling fagots high,  
That shot their flames to the midnight sky.

Blithe the song at our peaceful toil;  
What if there fell,  
As the ploughshare tore through the knotted soil,  
The war-whoop's fiendish yell,

And we shuddering gazed where the hamlet blazed,  
While wife and children, terror crazed,  
Fled from the cruel, savage foe?  
Ah, but the cost of our peace they know!

There were foes within, and the heavy hand  
Of a despot's power  
Hurling the red-coats over the land—  
Shot and shell in an iron shower;  
But cheer on cheer for the pioneer,  
For the stars and stripes they held so dear—  
The century floats our flag to-day,  
And Freedom will guard it, aye and aye.

Veterans, heroes, bravest of men,—  
Bravest of women! take  
Homage of children, wreathing again  
The white, red, and blue for your sake.  
With cheer on cheer for the pioneer,  
Who never said fail, who never knew fear;  
Cherish them proudly for victories won,  
Now that the century's work is done.

## INGHAM ALUMNÆ REUNION

### WELCOME SONG

YE come, ye come, and the voice of our greeting  
To the loved ones returning a welcome shall bring;  
Though we parted in sadness, the sunshine of meeting  
O'er the fair Feast of Friendship its roses shall fling.  
We twine for the absent a wreath of remembrance;  
Pale blossoms for those we shall meet here no more;  
Each bud, as it brightens, shall be the sweet semblance  
Of the love that awaits us where partings are o'er.

Then welcome, friends, welcome, O happy the strain!  
Let the glad halls reëcho, "We 're home once  
again."

Like the chiming of waters its music shall flow,  
And no song shall be sweeter as onward we go.

Ye come, ye come, and each heart shall awaken,  
With hope and with zeal burning brightly anew;  
To our life-work we go with a faith still unshaken,  
For "the harvest is great and the laborers few."

Once more to the counsels of love we will listen,  
And angels to join us shall ope heaven's gate,  
While fair on our vision the jasper walls glisten,  
And the "Faithful and True" His redeemed ones  
await.

Then welcome, friends, welcome, O happy the  
strain!

Let the glad halls reëcho, "We 're home once  
again."

Like the chiming of waters its music shall flow,  
And no song shall be sweeter as onward we go.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE

INGHAM UNIVERSITY, 1876

LIKE some emblazoned honor-roll,  
We saw upon our walls the scroll  
That youthful fingers deft and fleet  
Had wrought for welcome proud and sweet;—  
NOBLESSE OBLIGE! with sudden thrill  
Youth's holy ardor burned until  
Each looked to each with kindling eyes—  
“What hast thou wrought of high emprise?  
Art thou, O friend, the chevalier  
That knew not of reproach or fear?  
What patient victory hast thou won?  
What deeds unselfish silent done?  
The cup of water hast thou given,  
And till the dawn with angels striven?  
What act of love, so lowly, good,  
That but the Master understood?  
Hast thou been sorrow's tender liege?—  
Then mayest thou wear NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

## PARTING HYMN

INGHAM UNIVERSITY, 1876

OUR fathers' God! We own thy power  
To conquer in the darkest hour;  
To bring the nations to confess  
Thy wisdom and thy holiness.

The centuries drop their golden sand;  
We are but atoms in thine hand,  
But, over all, thy tender thought  
Its miracles of love hath wrought.

Thou who art far, yet ever near,  
Bend low our parting words to hear,  
And with a nation's tribute take  
The song our youthful hearts would make.

Grant to the daughters of our race  
That heritage of heavenly grace,  
The right to wear the crowns they win,  
And glad millenniums usher in.











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